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To-Day and Yesterday : Sonnets
Foulke, William Dudl

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To-day & yesterday

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TO-DAY

AND

YESTERDAY

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES

BY

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF 'MAYA', 'LIFE OF O. P. MORTON', 'PROTEAN PAPERS'
'DOROTHY DAY', 'MASTERPIECES OF THE MASTERS OF FICTION'
'SOME LOVE SONGS OF PETRARCH', 'LYRICS OF WAR
AND PEACE', 'FIGHTING THE SPOILSMEN', ETC.

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CONTENTS

LIFE AND LOVE	PAGE
LIFE	11
LIFE'S EVENING	12
OLD AGE	13
THE CONSTANT FRIEND	14
AUTOBIOGRAPHY	15
DECEMBER	16
THE FIRST OF JUNE	17
THE WINTER OF LIFE	18
THE PEARL OF PRICE	19
THE VALETUDINARIAN	20
THE MUSE AND I	21
LE REVENANT	22
WHEN SORROW COMES	23
THE CONCH SHELL	24
A SUMMER PARADISE	25
FIREFLIES	26
LOVE'S RESURRECTION	27
' SHE HAS A YOUNG GIRL'S HEART '	28
SKY AND OCEAN	29

	PAGE
TO THE ALBATROSS	30
UNCHANGEABLE	31
WHEN I AM GONE	32
OBLIVION	33
ONLY IN DREAMS	34
HIS EARLIER LOVE	35
THE FOG ON SENECA	36
IN THE GLEN OF POOLS	37
THE SPIRIT OF THE GREEK	38
MY LADY'S GARDEN	40
THE RED BIRD TO HIS MATE	41
FIRE-LOGS	43
OLD LETTER FILES	44
THE OAKS	45
ABSTRACTION	46
' LIKE SOME SWIFT DRYAD '	47
IN A MOTHER'S MEMORY	48
A SOUL UNSHAKEN	49

THE COMMON WEAL

AMERICA	53
THE HIGHER PATRIOTISM	54
THE CITY OF GOD	55

CONTENTS

5

PAGE

TO THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY	57
PROGRESSIVES	58
OUR LOST CAPTAIN	59
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS	60
IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY	61

OLD ART AND NEW

AMONG MY CURIOS	65
THE IMAGIST	70
NEW ART FOR OLD	72

INDIANA AND ELSEWHERE

CENTENNIAL ODE	75
THE OLD-TIMER COMES BACK TO CENTREVILLE	84
COME PLAY WITH US	88
THE SETTLER'S WIFE	91
IN TOLEDO CATHEDRAL	92
IN THE TROPICS	94
STARLIGHT IN THE TROPICS	95
UXMAL	96
TO PELÉ	97
THE SACRIFICE	98

PROSE IN PENTAMETERS	PAGE
----------------------	------

IN GERMANY AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE	
WAR	103
‘ THE COLONEL ’	110
FIRE	113

WAR POEMS

WHILE WE HELD ALOOF

GERMANY TO ENGLAND	125
ENGLAND TO GERMANY	126
‘ KULTUR ’	127
SHALL WE STILL SLEEP ?	129
A RIGHTEOUS WRATH	130
THEN, NOW, AND HEREAFTER	131
UNPREPARED	132
TO FRANCE	133
‘ A SWORD THY SOUL SHALL PIERCE ’	134
THE VAMPIRE MOON	135
TO RUSSIA	136
LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD	137

IN THE STRUGGLE

AWAKE AT LAST	139
THE MOTHER COUNTRY	140

CONTENTS

7

	PAGE
AMERICA TO ENGLAND . . .	142
AMERICA TO FRANCE . . .	143
THEN AND NOW . . .	144
THE SPIDER . . .	145
THE MAN IN THE RANKS . . .	147
JIM WINS THE WAR CROSS . . .	148
FROM THE TRENCHES . . .	150
THE WAR MOTHER . . .	151
WIN THE WAR . . .	153
CHILDREN OF LIBERTY . . .	155
THE AIR-MAN . . .	156
OVER THERE . . .	158
HERE AND THERE . . .	160
RESURRECTION . . .	161
THE WOODS OF FRANCE . . .	162
MONET JUSTITIA . . .	164
THE IMPERISHABLE CHAIN . . .	166
PEACE TRIUMPHANT . . .	167
THANKSGIVING . . .	168
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . .	169

LIFE AND LOVE

LIFE AND LOVE

Life

LIFE is the morning mist that drifts away,
The snow that melts beneath the shafts of noon,
The dying strain of some melodious tune,
The star that shuns the dawn with dwindling ray ;
It is the water ebbing from the bay ;
The narrowing crescent of the waning moon,
The fading rainbow of a shower in June,
The sunset's colours on the skirts of day.
The moon shall wax again, the tide shall flow,
And sun and star return through heaven's door,
The strain revive, the rainbow, mist and snow,
Shall all come back on hillside or on shore ;
So life into some newer life shall grow,
For death and birth are twined for evermore.

Life's Evening

THREE score and ten ! The tumult of the world
Grows dull upon my inattentive ear ;
The bugle calls are faint, the flags are furled,
Gone is the rapture, vanished too the fear ;
The evening's blessed stillness covers all,
As o'er the fields she folds her cloak of grey ;
Hushed are the winds, the brown leaves slowly
fall,
The russet clouds hang on the fringe of day.
What fairer hour than this ? No stir of morn
With cries of wakening life, nor shafts of noon—
Hot tresses from the flaming sun-god torn—
Nor midnight's shivering stars and marble
moon ;
But softly twilight falls and toil doth cease,
While o'er my soul God spreads His mantle—
peace.

Old Age

CALM is the silver mirror of the sea

While deepening twilight lulls the waves to rest
And sky and russet clouds brood lovingly

Over the stillness of its slumbering breast.
Hushed is the storm—its foam and spray and
strife—

The ripples softly plash upon the shore ;
Thus gently fades the twilight of my life,
And soon the world shall see my face no more.
Though bright its memories, I would not pray
That life should last for ever ; it is right
That one who loved the tumult of the day
Should welcome now the quiet of the night.
In peace I take what nature's hand may give,
Content to die as once I joyed to live.

The Constant Friend

WHEN age creeps over thee and keen desires
Of youth are dulled and thrills of pleasure fail ;
When proud ambition wanes and the hot fires
Of passion die and beauty's blushes pale ;
When thou art cloyed with book and dance and
song,
And art hath lost its spell, there is one friend
For ever young whose steps will follow long
Thy faltering feet, abiding till the end.
That friend is nature. Still the summer skies
And autumn woods will woo thee ; and the sea
That spreads his glittering scarf before thine eyes,
And night in her eternal majesty
Will fill thy spirit with their fragrant breath
And leave thee only at the gates of death.

Autobiography

WHILE thou art young let restless discontent
 Spur thee to action—thus the world must grow ;
But when the noontide of thy day is spent
 A mellow calm thy waning years should know.
Though nought be left to win, yet hush thy heart
 From vain repining at a changeless past ;
Life is still good if thou wilt do thy part
 And think it so and hold its treasures fast.
Glean thou with care the stalks that memory
 leaves
 Upon the time-mown fields of earlier years,
Gather them all and bind them into sheaves,
 Then winnow them, and from the fruitful ears
Some seed may fall that in its turn will bring
Fresh hope of harvest to a coming spring.

December

FRESH was the charm of springtime in her bloom,
Fragrant the summer's rank fertility,
And lustrous autumn stood by nature's tomb
In flaming hues with lordly pageantry ;
Then chill November's raiment, brown and red,
Purple and yellow, fluttered down at will.
And now the woods are bare ; the trees have shed
Their tattered garments and the winds are chill.
So with the days of man. Childhood was fair
And youth was strong for labour and for strife,
And manhood ripened in the mellow air
That bathes the autumn of a fruitful life ;
Now comes old age a few torn leaves to glean
And spread her white pall over brown and green.

The First of June

How the whole woodland rings with music !
Hark !

I hear the notes of all the feathered throng,
The dove, the quail, the wren, the meadow-lark,
Till the wide sky is saturate with song.
It mingles with the murmur of the breeze—
In nature's orchestra no strain is dumb.
How fresh the green in thickets and on trees ;
Look where the bees round their white clusters
hum !

Soft haze on pastures and on furrowed fields ;
To every sense the chords are all in tune ;
Perfect the charms that ripening nature yields,
For now the summer cometh ; it is June !
Best day of all the year ! And this the morn
When long ago mine own true love was born.

The Winter of Life

Now fast they fall, those friends of earlier days,
As withering foliage from the boughs is borne ;
My cherished comrades, even as I gaze,
By wintry tempests from my side are torn.
How few remain ! And we who stay behind,
Brown leaves that cling to naked branches still,
We too must be the playthings of the wind,
Blown o'er the snow on valley, plain and hill.
' New friends with younger faces must I win ? '
I cannot draw them to me like the old,
But stand and know not where I shall begin,
While all this later world seems strange and
cold ;
Yet not quite strange if one dear friend abide
Where I may bask in sunshine at her side.

The Pearl of Price

IF thou would'st choose the pearl of rarest worth
Ask for a heart where all things bring delight ;
To climb the icy peak, invade the earth,
Bound o'er the sea or soar in airy flight—
A heart that loves the mountain and the deep,
The lore of books, creation's open page,
The sweat of wholesome toil, the balm of sleep,
The bounding thrill of youth, the calm of age,
Sweet solitude by nature's charms beguiled,
The glitter of the day, the veil of night,
Fair women's eyes, the prattle of the child,
The joy of peace, the ' rapture of the fight ' ;
For in each deed or scene, whate'er befall,
The world will answer to the spirit's call.

The Valetudinarian

'How well you look !' my friends and neighbours
say,

And smile and press my hand and hurry past.
I hear these words of comfort day by day :

'How you've improved from when I saw you
last !'

The more they talk the better do I know

They think I need it. Lord ! I must have
seemed

Quite like a corpse a little while ago,

More hopeless than my fancy ever dreamed.

Yet, friends, I thank you quite another way,

You stir my wrath to think I cannot see

How you imagine that I am the prey

Of morbid gloom and deep despondency.

You're wrong. I never had those foolish fears ;

I'll fool you yet and live a hundred years !

The Muse and I

'WHY hast thou come so late?' inquires the muse;
'More blithe the song when he who sings is
young.'

But I protest, 'Twere folly thus to choose;
Is not the ripe fruit sweetest to the tongue?'
We have been neighbours now for scores of years
And yet I never called, I did not dare;
My bashful heart was filled with foolish fears,
For she was so unutterably fair,
So unattainable. I was too shy,
I thought that she would drive me from her
sight;

But when I once made up my mind to try,
She smiled with pity at my evil plight.
In her good graces now I've found my way;
She chides my tardiness but bids me stay.

Le Revenant

GHOST, not from other worlds but other days,
A shadow from the faint and faded past,
He comes to tread the old familiar ways
And bring to life his cherished dreams at last.
The cliffs are there, the mountains and the sea,
The long smooth beach, the breakers on the
shore,
The furrowed fields, the woodland and the lea,
But the old music stirs his heart no more.
The maid he cherished is a withered dame,
The friends he trusted stare and know him not,
His boyhood haunts, the same yet not the same,
The faces—some are gone and some forgot.
Tears fill his eyes and he must needs depart,
The dear illusion plucked from out his heart.

When Sorrow Comes

WHEN sorrow comes to thee and thy first born
In the cold arms of cruel death doth lie,
Or thy beloved from thy side is torn
And thy soul writhes in shuddering agony ;
How idle seem the common ills of life,
The things that vex our spirits hour by hour,
The hate and fear and jealousy and strife,
The love of gold and thirst of fame and power.
All this remember when thy days are calm
And let not passing cares thy heart annoy,
But fill thy bosom with the fragrant balm
Of deep serenity and hope and joy.
With cheerful spirit struggle for the best,
And come what will, thy days shall still be blest.

The Conch Shell

SOUND of the sea, in my far inland home
Kindling a longing that is almost pain
To lure me forth o'er its blue fields to roam
And sway upon its surges once again,
Thou calls't—I know that strange and solemn
voice,
It stirs the sleeping thrill of other years ;
It draws me on, I seem to have no choice
But heed the call through raptures or through
tears.
How I have loved the sea ! full many a day
I dived into its depths or climbed the crest
Of the great waves and felt their glittering spray
Dash on the straining sinews of my breast !
And now the old love awakens with the spell
Of ocean's music echoing in this shell.

A Summer Paradise

DREAM me no city in the crystal sky
With jasper walls, pearl gates and golden ways,
And angel choirs to sing eternally
Around a great white throne their hymns of
praise ;
Let others have their vision of a king
In mantle all agleam with jewels bright,
And saintly hosts assembled in a ring,
Beneath a dazzling flood of heavenly light ;
But let it be for me some quiet vale
By a clear lake or slowly winding stream,
Where I can dip my paddle, spread my sail,
Or lay me in the summer shade and dream,
With one dear face, low voice and tender eyes
To share the joys of such a paradise.

Fireflies

DARK is the night, the earth in slumber lies ;
No breath of air the tranquil stillness mars ;
The hovering fireflies shine like wandering stars
Till the broad meadow emulates the skies.
And yet they glisten only while they rise,
Fanning their torches with their delicate wings,
Glow but an instant—tiny fragile things—
Then sink in darkness, as their lustre dies.
But thou, my love, thy light is constant still,
No shade of sadness dims its cheering rays,
And rising ever, thou my life dost fill
With love and gladness, gratitude and praise.
How fair a world, from strife and hatred free,
Could all our Father's children shine like thee !

Love's Resurrection

DEAR heart, and dost thou dream the chill of
death

Can stifle the warm breath

Of our great love ? Even as senseless clay

Within the tomb my body will not stay

Apart from thee ;

In little flakes of dust 'twill find a way

To come to thee, or from beneath the sea

'Twill rise in crystal drops and flow to thee ;

Or if it be consumed, somehow, somewhere,

It still will hover round thee in the air

And will not let thee go,

Beloved, for thy heart must surely know

That I shall ever be a part of thee

Body and soul, through all eternity.

' She has a Young Girl's Heart '

' SHE has a young girl's heart.' No truer thing
Your lips have ever spoken. In despite
Of five and sixty years and the crown of white
That rests upon her brow, time's heavy wing
Hath never touched her spirit, which doth sing
Clear as the morning lark its pure delight
In life and love and beauty. In her sight
All nature blooms in an eternal spring !
Her children's children cluster round her knee
Or gambol with her, and ever in their play
She is the elder sister, and her glee
Rings in their merry laughter such a way
That I who dwell in her clear sunshine, see
December's fields green with the tints of May.

Sky and Ocean

How silent and how lonely is the sea !

Along yon silver path the moonbeams fall ;
No sail nor cloud to break infinity,

But night and sky and ocean—that is all.
I long to float upon that shining way

And out beyond over the deep to soar
To greet with God the coming of the day

And all the secrets of the stars explore.
Yet while my visions on that glittering track

Sail proudly on, a gentle voice and low,
Sweeter than dreams of heaven draws me back.

I fold my wings—I would no longer go ;
And sky and ocean vanish while I bide
With one dear face in fancy at my side.

On the Pacific, January 10, 1917.

To the Albatross

A THOUSAND miles from shore, on tireless wing,
Close to the swelling waves you rise and fall,
Now on the topmast crest, then vanishing,
And yet your pinions hardly move at all !
I watch you follow, follow, day by day ;
Around the vessel's wake you wheel and fly ;
When you return, what needle points the way
Across the waste of water and of sky ?
So would I move along life's pulsing sea
Close to the waves, with quiet wing and sure,
While in my heart a lodestone there shall be
To guide me back, though long the flight endure.
I shall not fear, however far I roam,
For love will show the way that leads me home.

Unchangeable

MORNING upon the waters ! Calm and clear
The sun comes forth from out the glittering sea,
And every atom in immensity
Breaks into smiles to welcome and to cheer.
The night was wild but now the storm is past,
Its gloom and fury turn to mirth and song.
Yet nature's gladness will not linger long,
There is no shade nor sunshine that will last.
But in thy heart, my love, all days are clear,
All nights are lit with stars ; thy tender eyes
Are more unfailing than the fitful skies ;
The years revolve and yet no clouds appear.
Thy sea is calm and bright from shore to shore
And in thy sky is sunshine evermore.

When I am Gone

WHEN I am gone, my love, mourn not for me
Nor hide from all the world ; let not thy smile
Be darkened nor thy dancing feet the while
Falter with sorrow. I would have thee be
Thy own sweet self, with spirits light and free,
Just as they are to-day. Yet in thy heart
Keep still one little chamber quite apart,
With door secure, and let me hold the key ;
And when the night grows dark and nature dumb
And thou art all alone, then in thy dreams
The door will open for me, I shall come
And hold thee in my arms, and ere the beams
Of morning sunlight through the window shine,
Thy heart shall know full well I still am thine.

Oblivion

THE woods are mirrored in this quiet pool,
Each tree with leaf and blossom, bark and
bough ;
The summer slumbers on the waters cool,
No breath of air to touch her tranquil brow.
Into these crystal depths a stone I cast ;
It sinks ; the waters close ; in circles wide
The ripples radiate and meet at last
Returning wavelets ; then they all subside.
So when we die. What is the prize of fame ?
The circling ripples beat a little stronger
And spread in widening folds a little longer,
But in the end they vanish just the same.
For me I care not for the waves above
If in the depths I still may keep my love.

*Only in Dreams**To Laura*

I SEE thee not amid the garish pride
And dazzling glitter of tumultuous day ;
Its aimless bustle drives thy face away ;
From the sun's staring eye thou fain wouldst hide.
But at the quiet fall of eventide
In dreams I watch thy noiseless footsteps
stray—
Thy rippling tresses fall'n in disarray—
And to my arms thy gracious form doth glide.
I fold thee close, thy kiss is not denied,
Thy words of love my trembling senses slay ;
All night, until the glimmer of the grey,
I hear thy lips' low music at my side,
And when I wake, I can but sigh and say :
' How welcome endless sleep could that fair
vision stay ! '

After Petrarch, Canzoniere 22, 340, 341, 343.

His Earlier Love

ALL gathered by the hearth, his sons, his wife,
His daughters, while the flames with flickering
light
Crackle and leap, and the dull cares of life
Flee, scudding with the blast through the wild
night !
The firelight shadows quiver on the wall,
And from his pipe the smoke wreaths slowly curl
In quiet folds. Yet, as they rise and fall
A shining face pervades them—a fair girl
Unseen for many a year, since the dark earth
Had hidden her—and now upon his breast
Nestles her head as when by that same hearth
She was the mistress, and upon him rest
Her loving eyes once more. A choke, a start—
Then the calm smile that hides a wounded heart !

The Fog on Seneca

No more a glittering lake but clinging cloud,
 Substantial, dense, o'er all her waters spread,
It lies upon her like a pallid shroud
 Upon the moveless body of the dead.
Yet look ! it stirs and now it drifts away
 Up the broad valley till it disappears ;
Upon her smiling face no cloud can stay,
 Her eyes are brighter for their veil of tears.
But thou, mine own ! No fleeting cloud-mist falls
 To hide thy spirit's beauty from mine eye,
No pain nor grief thy dauntless heart appalls,
 No fear can shroud thy soul's serenity.
In thy clear depths the sunlight streams for ay,
And thy bright waters smile in endless day.

Watkins, N.Y.

June 1, 1918.

In the Glen of Pools

SUBDUED and soft the noonday splendour gleams
Along these dark walls flecked with moss and
fern,

These curving corridors of cliffs which turn
To a patch of paradise beyond, that seems
Fashioned of filtered sunlight and bright dreams
Spilled from the tangled masses of the leaves !

Sheltered I stand beneath the dripping eaves
Of this o'erhanging rock. The torrent streams
Below me, falters, now in a quiet pool
Lingers a moment, and then off again
Down to the deeper gorges of the glen

Through narrow cliffs and into caverns cool,
Whence sallying forth beneath the open sky,
It smiles in pride of new found liberty !

Watkins, N.Y.

May, 1918.

The Spirit of the Greek

Go forth, my dream, and bring to this cool spot
The spirit of the Greek. That rocky wall
Fringed with its toppling pine-trees—is it not
Some ancient shrine to Pan but half destroyed,
And fairer in the ruin and the void
Than in its prime ? Above yon waterfall
Looking adown the gorge, the Sun-god beams ;
Where hide the nymphs that wanton in these
streams ?
I may not follow them. Their nimble feet
Can scour the crags too lissom and too fleet
To be o’ertaken by the steps of age.
But now from out the tangled foliage
That riots in the cliffs, what sound is this ?
The whirring shaft ? the horn of Artemis ?
The baying of her hounds ? And here below
In the deep pool where the clear stream doth
flow,

What bath for Aphrodite ! She might rise
From its cool depths in whiter, statelier wise
Than from the salt foam of the surging sea !
Thus fancy fills each nook and glen for me.
Hellas ! Eternal beauty ! I would fain
Bring to a sordid world thy spirit once again.

Watkins Glen,
May, 1918.

My Lady's Garden

My lady is encircled by her flowers ;

They bend their petals to caress her hands ;
They open wide through all the golden hours
That shine through quivering foliage where she
stands !

Churlish indeed the buds that would not swell

Under her touch and break in blossoms fair
To answer that dear voice they know so well
And dance around her in the summer air.

And she doth love them all—this bright array—

Till they, responsive to her care, have grown
Into rare beauty, for the light of day
Was brighter far where her sweet presence
shone,

And proud the flower that she, the queen of all,
Doth choose and gather ere it fade and fall.

The Red Bird to his Mate

THE heavens are wide, my love, the sky is far,
Yet well I mark thee in its utmost blue ;
Wert thou as distant as yon trembling star
I still would know and with swift wing pursue.

The morn is clear, my love, yet thy dear eyes
Brighter than any rays the day can bring ;
Where thou awakenest there the sun doth rise,
And at thy side it is for ever spring.

The flowers are fair, my love, but not so fair
As one they touch with many a soft caress.
O hear me fill with song the fragrant air
While they surround thee with their loveliness.

The wind is wild, my love, yet cannot blow
Thy trembling form too far for me to come ;
Where'er it drive thee, there I too will go
And stay beside thee till the storm is dumb.

The mist is heavy, love, yet have no fear ;
 Plunge boldly thro' its folds, though thick it fall,
For though I see thee not, thy voice I'll hear
 And fly to thee whenever thou shalt call.

The frost is keen, my love, but cannot chill
 The fire that glows and sparkles in my breast.
What need to seek the Southland ? We can fill
 Our souls with summer here beside our nest.

Fire-logs

THEY love companionship and sympathy—

Those garrulous fire-logs crackling in my grate—
One log alone in cold austerity

Will sulk and give no warmth without a mate,
Yet if you lay another by its side,

With but a breathing space between the twain,
'Twill purr and murmur in content and pride

And shine till the dark room is bright again :
Then if you add a third, a little one,

Still merrier is the radiance it will shed,
Prattling aloud as if in childish fun,

As wide and warm the cheer and comfort spread.
He who can see them not—his eyes are blind—
The home's affections in that fire enshrined.

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Abstraction

CLEAR and melodious are the strains that stream
Through the long hall ; the jewels glitter bright ;
The gowns are gay ; the dancers' feet are light,
And sparkling eyes with joy and rapture beam.
Yet for all these I care not, for I seem
To be far off with thee. Through the long night
The music throbs in vain, and to my sight
Thy face alone comes smiling in a dream.
The chords are silent. Hark ! I hear thee sigh ;
From far away I mark thy whisper fall !
The scene grows dim unto my spirit's eye,
The whole world melts now that I hear thee call !
I see thee beckon ! Look ! I swiftly fly
To thy dear arms ; I am not here at all !

' Like some Swift Dryad '

I SEE her dainty form at every turn

Like some swift dryad flit from tree to tree,
And my flesh quivers and my senses burn
When her quick glances turn at last to me.

I hear her song in breezes and in streams ;

She is a naiad leaping from the pool,
Shaking her tresses o'er the waters cool,
Her shoulders glistening in the warm sunbeams
That filter through the leaves. Along my way

A new-blown flower its morning dewdrop sips,
And look ! its rosy petals are her lips
Lifted for me to kiss ! Thus all the day

In the sweet sunshine of her smiles I bask,
And when the evening comes I wondering ask
' How can it be that she is far away ?

In a Mother's Memory

I KNOW, sweet child, now thou art laid away,
Thy delicate face no mark of age will show,
Thy dimpled cheek no lines of care will know,
No cloud of grief obscure thy beauty's day.
Thy curling locks shall never turn to grey,
Thy childish treble shalt thou ne'er outgrow,
No change thy dainty form shall undergo,
And every artless charm shall last for ay.
What silken dreams I spun for thee, and how
Death tore them from me ! Thou canst only be
My little one for ever, with white brow
Untarnished by the world. In memory
Thou shalt abide just as I see thee now,
Graven in sweet immutability.

A Soul Unshaken

MONTH after month, bound to her bed she lies,
All hope of ease or restoration past,
And yet her face is radiant and her eyes
Glow with the playful humour of the past.
With cheerful talk of neighbours and the town
Her genial ardour burns the hours away ;
No grief can keep her dauntless spirit down,
No pain her smiling features will betray.
Friends come and go, yet hear no murmur fall—
Winter and summer she is still the same ;
Her soul unshaken waits the final call
And shines the brighter thro' her wasted frame.
Grant thus to me my latest hours to spend
And leave the world undaunted at the end.

THE COMMON WEAL

THE COMMON WEAL

America

DEAR land, how God hath cherished thee !

What varied gifts He gave !

A thousand harbours on the sea

To bid thee ride the wave,

And boundless plains and mighty streams

And mountains stocked with ore,

A bounteous sky, a soil that teems—

What could He give thee more ?

One treasure that surpasseth all,

A spirit strong and free

In sturdy sons who at thy call

Will die for liberty !

Prize not too much thy goodly state,

Thy wealth beyond compare ;

God keep thee pure as thou art great

And true as thou art fair !

*The Higher Patriotism*¹

MUST we be welded by the might of kings
In one hard mould to make us strong and great ?
Or can we do ourselves the heroic things
That crown with power the city and the state ?
In peace as well as war canst thou give all—
Comfort and home, the love in woman's eyes,
High hopes and riches, if thy country call,
Ready and eager for the sacrifice ?
Not only when the bugle sounds but now
Forget thyself ! Silence thy mutinous soul !
Tho' thorns of martyrdom may press thy brow,
Fail not ! for human welfare is the goal !
The state must stand, tho' thou thyself shalt fall,
Or live, for freedom's sake, bereft of all !

¹ Contained in the President's annual address to the National Municipal League, delivered at Dayton, O., November 17, 1915.

The City of God

WHEN upon Patmos God unsealed the eyes
Of His last prophet, John beheld a city,
Not fixed immutably in heaven, no,
But coming down to earth like a sweet bride
Adorned to meet her lord. Be that the dream
Of all who love the city where they dwell.
However sordid it may be to-day,
However it may reek with filth and squalor,
Disease and vice and poverty and crime,
That be the form wherein our hopes shall fashion
The city that we love. Coming from God,
Filled with His justice and His tender grace
And shining with His calm eternal joy,
Prepared as a young bride with robe and wreath
And veil and jewels—not the gems alone
Of physical adornment, but the smile
Of spiritual grace, the delicate blush
Of purity, the tears of tenderness,
Eyes that awaken hope in dull despair,
A heart that cherishes the humblest child

With mother love. There within every home
Knowledge shall shine, fair dealing and good will
Prevail in every deed. This is a dream
We cannot wholly turn to flesh and blood,
But we can draw more close each year and grow
More and more like the perfect City of God.

To the Progressive Party

As many a mother dies when she hath brought
Fair offspring to the world while they live on
For its delight and service—she is gone,
Yet her bright vision shall not come to naught.
Though nursed at other's breast and reared and
taught

In other homes, her goodly progeny
Still show their lineage true.—And so with
thee—

Thy seed shall fail not, and thy spirit, fraught
With noble aims shall yet be scattered wide
Throughout the world—thy children shall
redeem

The promise of their birth and thy fair dream
Shall be accomplished still and glorified
In deeds that will outlast our common doom,
Though thou be sleeping in the silent tomb.

Progressives

THEY left behind the slime of things unclean—

The welded power of gold, the spoils of place,
The subtle bonds of government unseen—

To lift the helpless and redeem the base.
They had a vision. Hath it passed away
To be forgot and known of men no more ?
Or doth it only hide its face to-day

To rise to-morrow statelier than before ?
And he, their chieftain by diviner right
Than any king on earth—his banner furled—
Tho' he no longer lead them in the fight
For ampler justice and a fairer world—
Still, right shall come although her feet be slow,
And fairer springs shall blossom than we know.

Our Lost Captain

T. R.

A KINGLY soul is dumb within the tomb.

Spent is the flame that burned so clear and
free—

The light upon the headland in the sea—

Our brightest beacon quenched in cloud and gloom.

While thick around our course new perils loom,

Who may command, what leader shall there be

To speak to us with his authority

And warn us ere we rush upon our doom ?

When storms shall brew beyond the misty deep,

When the gaunt form of anarchy shall rise,

What guard will watch us like his sentinel eyes ?

Who, when we dream, will rouse us from our
sleep ?

Aimless we drift—no compass, sail nor oar,

And our great captain points the way no more.

George William Curtis

' We have laid our hands on the barbaric palace of patronage and have written " Mene, mene," upon its walls ; nor will it be long, as I believe, until they are laid in the dust.'

A REGAL spirit and a vision clear—

A prophet's prescience and a statesman's mind—

A face to win us and a smile to cheer—

A heart that glowed with love of human kind !

His voice was music and his words were song,

His ways were gentle but his judgement just,

Quick to discern the right and scourge the wrong,

And on we followed with unfaltering trust.

He wrote his ' Mene, mene ' on the wall,

Then passed from us, and lo ! before our eyes

The spoilsman's palace crumbles to its fall

And on its ruins goodlier mansions rise.

Too soon his voice grew silent, yet its thrill

Along the cliffs of memory echoes still !

In the Public Library

WHATEVER be thy fortune or thy state,
The way to high companionship is free ;
Here are they all—the wise, the good, the great—
And their best thoughts they offer unto thee.
How canst thou give thy life to sordid things
While Milton's strains in rhythmic numbers roll
Or Shakespeare probes thy heart or Homer sings
Or rapt Isaiah wakes thy slumbering soul ?
If these ' king's treasures ' were scant and rare
How wouldst thou yearn for all that they contain,
But they are spread before thee free as air,
And shall their priceless jewels shine in vain ?
The choice is thine, the fancies of a day,
Or the bright gems that shall endure for ay.

Morrison-Reeves Library,
October 28, 1916.

OLD ART AND NEW

OLD ART AND NEW

Among my Curios

I LOVE to live with them—these relics speak ;
The far-off centuries no more are dumb.
Here are Chaldean tablets, there the Greek
Flaunts the crude art of base Byzantium.

From Aztec shrines these effigies of clay
So deftly moulded, though no clue remain
To tell what gods or kings or priests were
they—
Oblivion's shadows shroud their honours vain.

That old sword shows how the Crusaders fought ;
Stout was the helmet could withstand the
blow !
The Virgin mother on the blade inwrought—
' Ora pro nobis ' faintly carved below.

This rigid triptych comes from feudal days
When joy and learning from the world had
 flown;
The artist rude in colours cold portrays
A Saviour's sufferings bitterer than his own.

Here Dürer graved how the disciples kept
Their faithless vigil, and from out the skies
An angel held (while weary Peter slept)
The cross Christ was to bear, before His
 eyes.

This Flemish tapestry, antique and rare—
A lifetime's labour—shows in fading hues
Elijah's fiery car that mounts the air,
While wise Jehovah sits and hears the news.

Next the Carracci's school with waning art
Copies a holy scene by Titian drawn;
Here adds a little, there withdraws a part,
And lights the distant skies with flush of
 dawn!

By Spanish master limned, St. Francis stands ;
 Severe the form, yet filled with heavenly
 grace,

The crucifixion's marks on feet and hands
 And the world's sorrows in his pale sad face.

From Rubens' days that Heaven-descended
 Child

Whose feet upon the coiling serpent tread ;
 Death and the Fiend below in struggle wild,
 And cherub faces clustering round His head.

Now lustier times in opulent Netherlands,
 Mieris, Mierevelt—no scenes austere,
 But plumes and lace and dames with jewelled
 hands
 And gay carousers with their pipes and beer.

In splendours of the Renaissance arrayed
 This cabinet displays the graver's skill—
 All ebony with ivory inlaid
 Where pagan gods the carven panels fill.

These ancient wine-cups blazoned with the
arms

Of Teuton nobles shine in fair array ;
These Elzevirs discover choicer charms
Than printers' arts can emulate to-day.

A Moorish gun with bands of hammered brass,
Cross-bow and battle-axe and halberds borne
Erstwhile in martial state, an old cuirass,
A helmet by some Pappenheimer worn—

'Tis thus the centuries pass before mine eyes
Each with its wake of blessing or of bane ;
And is the world to-day a whit more wise,
Or are the teachings of the ages vain ?

The nations writhe in passion, hate and woe,
The clouds hang heavy through the sullen
day ;
Not on, but back the whole earth seems to go
And flames and ruin mark its dreary way.

But half-way up the stairs with solemn face
Stands the ancestral clock, and to and fro
Sways the long pendulum with stately grace
And quiet tick, monotonous and slow.

Forward and back yet every stroke a gain—
On wheels within, the hours and years are
spun,
So swings the world through happiness and
pain,
And after every loss some good is won.

The Imagist

I AM an Imagist !

I am a New Poet !

I scorn all sense and rhyme and metre ;

Yes, I scorn everything except myself !

Why bind my free soul to limitations of verse ?

Whoop-ee ! I shall sail away and soar

Like—like—anything !

This kind of a thing shall be the beginning of
a new era.

The world wants something new.

By gum, I'll give it to them !

What the cubist is to the old masters,

What modern discords are to Beethoven,

What impressionist sculpture is to the plastic art
of the Greek,

What the Philadelphia public building is to the
Parthenon,

What contemporary vaudeville and burlesque are
to Shakespeare,

Such is my wild yawp to the effete poetry of the
past !

Milton is not worthy to black my boots !

I have more poetry in my little finger than Words-
worth in his whole corporation.

Hear how Nature's unconscious rhythm flows
through these imperishable lines !

I squawk !

Lo ! what music !

Mark the undercurrent of harmony flowing
through that majestic squawk !

Ki yi ! Rat-tat-tat ! Boomlay, boomlay boom !

See how I do it ?

What do you say ?

That anybody can do it

If he only wants to ?

But he must have genius to make the people
swallow it !

That 's what I did !

Lo ! the critics fell at my feet

And magazines devoted to ' Poetry ' whispered in
breathless admiration.

New Art for Old

IN art the Bacchae are astir to-day
Shrieking their praise of discord in the strain,
Of colours' riot in some madman's brain,
Of wild impressionism ! They even say
That imagists are poets. Go your way,
You raving furies with your raptures vain !
From the old pathways that your feet disdain,
The masters' steps are never far astray.
I turn from your crude fancies of an hour
To dreams of heaven in some Raphael face,
Or goddess limned with Botticelli's grace,
Or brawny prophet drawn with Angelo's power.
You rave in vain ; art has a worthier goal—
Immortal beauty with its quiet soul.

INDIANA AND ELSEWHERE

INDIANA AND ELSEWHERE

Centennial Ode

Read on Admission Day at the State House, Indianapolis,
1916

IF thou wouldst fathom Indiana's heart
Think not to find it in the passing crowd,
The hum of industry, the bustling mart,
The great assemblies' voices clamouring loud,
But come with me and sit beside the board
At some old-fashioned farmstead, watch the team
Bring in harvest, toiling through the ford,
Or lie within the forest shade and dream,
With Riley's ' Pipes of Pan ' to charm and cheer—
His voice grew silent on this hundredth year !

Dear State, thy homelier charms are still the best,
Thy peaceful landscapes filled with joy and rest.

From the abyss of the tumultuous street,
The roar of the great city and its glare,
The multitude whose feverish pulses beat

With evanescent hopes or wild despair,
In my young manhood did I come to thee
And found the balm of thy serenity.
And ever more, threading thy quiet ways,
Reclining by thy hesitating streams,
Where sheltering sycamores hid me from the blaze
Of summer suns—half waking, half in dreams—
I did perceive thy sylvan beauty grow
Into my soul until I came to know
I loved thee, that thy heart had answered mine.
And all the more now that my days decline,
Thy spirit broods upon me. Not the sea
Nor the unutterable majesty
Of Alpine peak, nor the white foam and spray
Of glittering cataract can so win their way
Into my heart. I have dwelt with thee too long
To love another while thy beech trees bend
Their lowly limbs to greet me as a friend
And take from me the tribute of a song.

Lo ! now there stands within my spirit's eye
A tree I know, perfect in every part—
I fling to it the homage of my heart
And bow in salutation as I cry :—

' You are a young Apollo of the wildwood,
The breezes rustle and you bend your bow,
Your foliage dances like the feet of childhood
And quivering sunbeams through your branches
 glow.

You sway and revel in the pride of being,
Then stand erect, complete in form and hue,
And I who gaze, enraptured with the seeing—
O could I make a song as fair as you ! '

And yet I must not, in the joy of singing
Forget the weightier message I would bear.
A solemn warning in my ears is ringing
And dark forebodings fill my heart with care.

A hundred years with fluttering wings have
 flown

Since underneath the elm at Corydon,
In homespun garb the farmer pioneers
Fashioned our state to face the coming years.
A wilderness the spot where now we meet ;
And where the multitude with bustling feet
Are hurrying past, there lay the silent track
Trod by the stealthy savage or the pack

Of ravening wolves, and on the slimy green
Of the still marsh, gaunt fever stalked unseen.

Roll back the years, my soul, and let us stand
In the first furrows of the new-tilled land
And think the things the adventurous settler
thought

And learn again the lessons he was taught.
He knew not, as we know, the steed of steam,
The exploding vapour and the electric stream,
Nor with them scoured the earth, explored the sea
Or soared through heaven's wide immensity.
But each man bore his rifle primed and bright
Ready for instant use in sudden fight,
And better knew—for many a pioneer
Who trod the wild and built his cabin here
Had battled in the war that made us free—
Far better knew the worth of liberty.
He saw far clearer than we see to-day
That freedom's gracious presence will not stay
With those who care not for her nor give all,
Life, kindred, hope and fortune at her call.
Nay, just before the founding of our state
Our country had thrown down the gage to fate,

Defied the British empire to the test
Of arms because our sailors she impressed
And searched our ships. Would we do that
to-day ?

Has something of our courage slipped away ?
What has the century brought us ? Plenteous
stores—

Bountiful harvests carried from our doors,
Fair cities, stately piles and busy marts,
The factory's whirring wheels and shuttles loud
And ample farms, wide lawns and mansions
proud,

And learning's gifts of science and the arts.

But shall we measure by the weight of gold
The treasures that these hundred years unfold ?
Have we as high an aim, as strong a heart,
Are we resolved to play as brave a part
As those who framed the fabric of our state
To liberty and honour dedicate ?
Or are we strolling now in softer ways
On gentler paths in more degenerate days ?
Would we not fain recoil from care and strife
And live in ease a smooth and prosperous life ?

Perchance our fullness on its cushioned throne
In golden chalice holds a deadlier bane
Than bitter hardship in its cup of stone
Filled to the brim with toil and tears and pain.
For that is evil which corrupts the soul
And lulls to slothful sleep and smug content,
While all around the war drums beat and roll
And the whole earth by grievous strife is rent.

This hundredth year dawned on a raging world—
A world submerged beneath a sea of blood
With shafts of fury from the heavens hurled,
And we—an island girdled by the flood—
Let us be wise in time and raise a dyke
That shall be high and strong to stay the tide.
Quick! Let us arm ere the invader strike
And fill the land with devastation wide.

From Runnymede to Yorktown, toilsome, slow,
Freedom was wrested from the clutch of kings
And forth among the nations did she go
And scattered wide her boon of better things.
New life upon the icy plain was spread,
The spring had broken on an Arctic night,

Hope smiled upon the disinherited,
And everywhere the world moved on to light.
But from the lair where slept the power of arms
There crawls once more the grim philosophy
That Might alone is Right, though liberty
Must perish in the clash of war's alarms.
We, too, shall lose our birthright if she fall
And every race become the conqueror's thrall.
We will not have it so. And yet to stay
The invader's steps we too may have to bare
The glittering sword and stand and bar his
way.

Awaken then, my country ! Rise ! Prepare !
We call on thee by every sacred name
That shines from out the annals of thy past,
Train all thy sons to keep thee from the shame
That would enslave the world in thralldom vast !

In days that are to come the world may find
Some better way than war. A mightier state
To liberty and order consecrate
May spread its aegis over all mankind.
Our federated nation points the way—
The state and then the Union. Deep our love

For Indiana, yet it did not stay
Confined within her boundaries—One above—
The nation claimed out first allegiance : far
Deeper than homage to a single star
Our reverence for the constellation bright
That shed on all the world fair freedom's light.
The brightest lines in Indiana's story
Are those that proudly tell
How swift her sons, when duty called—not
glory—
Leaped forth to battle, and how hard and well
They fought, till victory came. I see our great
War Governor, epic figure of our state,
Sending them forth and greeting their return,
And all the pulses of my being burn
At the proud memory. Not for thy sake,
O Indiana, did thy children make
Their offerings of fortune and of life,
And risk their all in the uncertain strife,
But for the Union and for liberty !
And so among the nations may it be.
The future holdeth higher things in store
Than those our halting fancy may explore.
On some bright day the slow advancing hours

May bring the world a league of sovereign powers
Wherein the rights of single nations bend
To the just will of all, and the decrees
Of some great world tribunal are the end
Of wasteful war's superfluous cruelties.

My country, lead thou in these paths of peace !
But till that hour shall come let not soft ease
Relax thy spirit or subdue thy soul.
Until mankind shall reach this loftier goal
Keep thou thy sword unsheathed, for thou dost
hold

Within thy fruitful body precious seed
Which shall into a newer life unfold
And save the world in its extremest need.
Two lessons have been thine to teach mankind,
Freedom, then Union ! Send thy heralds forth
Bearing thy later message till thou find
Peace, born of Union spread through all the earth.

The Old-timer comes back to Centreville

I'VE lived in California now for many and many
a year,

But I couldn't make it seem the same as the old
homestead here.

We had no snow in winter-time and the summer
grass was brown,

And the trees looked strange along the road when
I drove the team to town.

I didn't like the solemn way the eucalyptus
swayed,

And the palms were very pretty, yet they gave
but little shade.

The men might all be well enough, but they didn't
shake your hand

The way that William Parry did, back here in
Hoosier-land.

So I came home once more to see how the old place
looks to-day ;

My ! what a world of changes since the time I
went away !

The Court House where I often stopped to hear
the cases tried,
Where Morton spoke in a swallow-tail with
Kibbey at his side,
And the youngsters had to keep so still—it's all
gone now, I see,
The row of stores looks strange enough where that
Court House used to be.
I miss the limestone pavements with the layers
turned up on end ;
I feel as if in every stone I'd parted with a
friend.
And Lashley's tavern too, is gone, where they sat
outside the door—
Judge, jury, witness, lawyers—and would talk for
evermore,
Of slaves and abolitionists, secession and the
South,
And the taxes and the tariff and the comet and
the drouth.
And the old Mechanics' Library, where has that
gone to-day ?
The ' standard books ' we used to read—scattered
and lost, you say ?

And Nim Johnson, Newman, Study, and George
Julian and the rest

That made this little town of ours the brightest
and the best

In Hoosierdom ? They're dead, you say ? Not
a single one is left ?

You make me feel quite lonely, for the town is all
bereft.

Well, I'll try it at the farm then,—so I drove past
Jackson's Hill,

But I wouldn't know the place at all. Just look
at that high fill

Where the railroad spans the valley ! Hear the
trolley cars and see

That pile of buildings there that they have called
the Infirmary !

Then down the old side-road I turned and drove
a little spell

To the farm where I was raised and to the house
I knew so well.

But the porch was made of concrete and the roof
was painted brown

And by the barn a silo stood like a spy-glass up
and down,

An auto was beside the gate ; in the parlour
was a beau

Who came to court a buxom girl—a girl I didn't
know ;

And when Jim's wife stood in the door she couldn't
even tell

Who it was had come to see her ! And I knew her
once so well !

I thought to stop a day or two—but everything's
so queer

And upside down, I feel as if my head was not
quite clear.

I hardly know the old place now and so I calculate
I'd better take my grip and start back to the
Golden Gate.

Come, Play with Us

My dear old friend, we're lonely here since you
have gone away,

I wish you'd drop your work awhile and come to us
and play.

The roads are fine—they're just the thing to try
your new machine,

And the winding river bottoms are shady, still, and
green.

The red-bird's song is clear and shrill throughout
the livelong day

And the river flows as gently as before you went
away.

The bark upon the sycamore is just as smooth and
white

And the moon as soft as ever in the warm, clear,
summer night,

I hear you're getting famous, and the neighbours
tell me how

You've made your little pile of gold ; but are you
happier now ?

The city's din and clatter—do they fill your heart
with joy

Like the green fields where you scampered as
a merry barefoot boy ?

The landscape smiles serenely yet ; the brooklet
murmurs still

And the glory of the sunset lights the woodland
on the hill ;

We've straightened out our fences some to make
the place look new,

But the old barbed wire will bend a bit and let
you scramble through

If you'll walk with me around the farm and guess
the summer's yield

And watch the stalks of yellow wheat a-waving
through the field !

How each heavy head hangs over, like your
sweetheart's used to do

When it drooped to hide her blushes and the love
she bore to you.

Bring her along—the youngsters too, and let
them romp and shout

And ride the horses to the field and scratch their
trousers out

Among the bushes in the woods—the while we
celebrate

This hundredth year of honour of the dear old
Hoosier State !

For the Indiana Society of Chicago, centennial year.

The Settler's Wife

WE who live softly in luxurious days—
What know we of the grim heroic life,
Deep in the forest, of the settler's wife,
Who followed him she loved thro' weary ways,
Haunted by beast and savage, and alone
In hardship and in danger strove to rear
Her little brood, stifling her woman's fear,
And kept the cabin that they made their own ?
Her hands were hard with toil, yet all the more
Honour to her who lost her youthful grace
And let the lines grow deep upon her face
While stalwart offspring to the state she bore.
Pray God her children be as pure and true,
As brave to dare, as quick and strong to do !

In Toledo Cathedral

I STROLLED among the arches in the gloom
Of the great pile that grim Toledo raised
To the glory of her stern and sombre God.
Dark were the nave and aisles, yet streaming
down

On the cold pavement glittered gems of light
From fiery windows where, across the panes
High in the air angels in marble soared.
Around a Gothic column a low ledge
And on the ledge a baby form lay curled.
It seemed of wax—perchance the infant Christ
Placed there for adoration. It was naked
Save for a ragged cloth around its waist
Bound by a hempen cord. Its cheeks were red
And its lips seemed to breathe. As I came close
I saw a dead child that had been left alone
By those who were too poor to bear the charge,
For pauper burial at strangers' hands.
How stifling was the splendour of the church—
The carvings, statues, jewels, canvasses,

Around its tiny form, where all forsaken

It lay upon its ledge of senseless stone.

‘ If thou shalt wake ’, I thought, ‘ from that long
sleep

Will heaven frown upon thee like this pile,

To crush thee with its glory and its gloom ? ’

In the Tropics

I SINK upon the soft warm sand and lie
Close to the murmuring waves till all things
seem
An idle fantasy—a far-off dream,
As half asleep I let the hours go by,
And take no thought of time. The palm trees
bend
Their languid heads over the slumbering deep ;
Faint perfumes thro' my listless senses creep
That with the drowsy breath of ocean blend.
The long canoe comes gliding to the shore ;
On the far reef the weary billows break ;
Are these the gates of heaven ? Why awake ?
Let the sweet vision last for evermore !
Here let me dream until the stars shall rise,
Then drift on ocean's stream to Paradise !

Starlight in the Tropics

How still the night, with every myriad star
Set in the dark enamel of the sky!
Anon the trade wind rises from afar
And stirs the palm leaves as it passes by.
My joy is full ; I do not ask what lies
Beyond the confines of that glittering deep ;
God's pageantry unrolls before mine eyes,
Why probe the secrets that it still must keep ?
What should I know of everlasting things—
Whose fleeting hours are girdled by the night ?
I can but drink the cup that Nature brings
And breathe the fragrance of her calm delight ;
Nor will I grieve, although I can not say
These skies are portals to an endless day.

Uxmal

How eloquent these ruins ! king and slave,
Noble and artisan, what piles they reared !
How deftly on these walls did they engrave
The gods they honoured and the fiends they
feared !

Palace and shrine are here, yet nought to tell
From whence it came or whither took its flight—
The stately race of those who wrought so well
And flashed their glory through barbarian night

And as of them no memory survives
Save the dumb stone, so will it some time be
With all the tumult of our little lives
Seen from the peaks of far eternity !

*To Pelé**Goddess of Fire*

HERE is indeed thy throne. What solemn sweep
Of thy terrific flood ! No tinsel toys
To prank thy majesty, no blaring noise
Of pipe or trumpet, but low mutterings ; deep,
Dull roar of flaming billows as they leap
On thy black circling walls and madly break,
While fountains burst from out thy seething
lake—

And far below, what awful secrets sleep !
From day to day thy molten stream doth rise,
Lifting huge islands from the dread abyss,
Upon whose shores thy wild waves foam and hiss
And whirl their smoking incense to the skies !
This smiling world of ours is but a shell
Around thy slumbering fires.—It doth but hide
The awful stretch of thy dominion wide
And screen from fainting eyes thy cruel hell.
In thy tremendous realm this withering sight
Is but an ember dying in the night.

Kilauea, February 1917.

The Sacrifice

FROM Mauna Loa's snowy crest the streams of
lava flow,
A fiery tide on the mountain side descending sure
and slow ;
As day by day and week by week it loiters to the
sea
With Hilo town right in its path, as straight as
straight can be.
At first the townsmen meet and talk and plan to
raise a wall
So strong and high that over it no lava stream can
crawl,
But the task is too gigantic and the fateful flood
draws near
And soon 'tis but a mile away and all are seized
with fear.
Some close their shops and move from town, and
others go to church
Where the preacher begs the good Lord not to
leave them in the lurch.

Then out spoke she, the Princess Ruth, of mighty
girth and weight,
A mass of flesh quite big enough to stay the steps
of fate:
'Why should the people be distressed? Why
should the preachers pray?
A princess of the royal blood can stop the flood
straightway.'
At night she goes to Pelé's shrine, and daunted
not a whit,
Close to the lake of fire she stands, by Kilauea's
pit,
And casts a chicken and a pig into that burning
hell,
For her generous heart is resolute to treat the
goddess well.
The chick was white, the pig was black, and Pelé,
nothing loath,
Seized them and cooked them in a trice and then
devoured them both.
Ruth also brought a flask of gin, but ribald scoffers
say
It was so good that much of it was halted on the
way.

Now when all the rites were ended, and the sacrifice was made

And calmly rose the morrow's sun—the stream of fire was stayed !

For Pelé is an easy one if you but know the ropes,
A little ' tip ' is all she needs, to gratify your hopes ;
But what think you would have happened, if
upon that fateful night

The chicken had been red or black and ' piggie ' brown or white ?

PROSE IN PENTAMETERS

PROSE IN PENTAMETERS

In Germany at the Outbreak of the War

I WAS in Germany when the war began
And saw the clamps pressed down. The thing
 came on
With great deliberation. The Archduke's murder
Was followed by a period of silence—
'Investigation' said the newspapers,
No hint from those in power what it portended.
Then came the ultimatum. No great headlines
And scanty comment. You must read the text
To find that war was meant. No ministry
Could yield to terms like these and live a day ;
Germans themselves said this. But 'twas not
 they,
'Twas Austria had made these hard demands,
Tho' Germany must perforce support her ally !
Then Servia, beyond all expectation,
Conceded almost everything, and offered
To let the Powers or Hague decide the rest.

Surely that would suffice ! But no, Vienna
Would brook no interference from without.
War was declared and Servia must be crushed.
What counsel then by Germany had been given
To soften Austria's heart or what assurance
Of aid to wreak her will ?—on all this, silence.
Next, what would Russia do ? She had not
stirred

When Bosnia and her sister state were brought
Beneath the Hapsburg's rule. Would she move
now ?

Few thought it. Still the ties of blood were strong,
And hence the task of Germany was declared
To ' localize the war '. What did that mean ?
To let a helpless little state be crushed
By her gigantic neighbour. Could her kin
Endure to see her fall ? The Muscovite
Began to stir. Then more diplomacy
Until it was declared the mobilization
Of Russia's army shattered at the end
All hope of peace. ' War Danger ' was announced ;
Our letters must be mailed unsealed, and written
In the German tongue alone. Then war itself
Was first declared on Russia, next on France,

And proclamations posted everywhere—

‘ Mobilisirung ’ with the time and place

Where those called should assemble. And they
came,

Now marching thro’ the streets in citizens’
clothes,

Singing the melodies that Germans love,

And then in half an hour armed and equipped !

Two days were given for the trains to run

And for the travellers who wished to leave

To crowd them all to bursting ; after that

Nothing but troops and arms would be received.

At every hundred yards the tracks were guarded.

The hunt for spies began. Many poor devils,

Russian and French, were dragged along the
streets

And followed by a crowd of hooting boys,

And as a wholesome warning some were shot !

The farmers were called on to bring their horses ;

All had been catalogued that were fit for service

And the prices fixed. The beasts stood side by
side

For miles along the road, and all were taken

And paid for, and the automobiles too

Delivered at the places they were needed,
While the owners walked. And now we could not
drive

From any town or city to another
But we were searched a half a dozen times
Along the road. We must have passes too
From the police, and could not stir without them.
Then came the news that Belgium had been asked
To give free passage to the German troops ;
She must reply at once.—And she refused !
How obstinate ! The empire was at bay,
With foes on either side, and her small neighbour
Withheld this trifling favour ! So of course
She was invaded, and when some shameless ones
Shot at the German troops from roof and window,
Cities were razed, cathedrals and town halls ;
Great works of art and universities
Destroyed ; homes pillaged and the obstinate
people—

The men, and women too—sometimes were lined
Against the walls and shot. Had they not well
Deserved it ? True, the Chancellor
Confessed that international law was broken,
But that the empire fighting for its life

Must 'hack its way' thro' every obstacle !
England at last, since she had guaranteed
Belgium's neutrality, now joined with France
And Russia. Bitter were the cries we heard
Of Teuton fury. 'It was all pretence.
Her course had been determined long before ;
Her motive was sheer envy, to suppress
A rival, and for this she would even break
Her ancient ties of kindred and of friendship,
All for a scrap of paper !' Then the work
Of sending troops to the front began in earnest.
One night I lay awake ; there passed my window
What seemed to be one train the whole night
long.

They said a hundred and fifty passed that day,
And that within a week five million men
Were gathered under arms. I saw this wonder
And felt how helpless would my country be
If but a tithe of these could reach her shores. •
The women came so many hours each day
To meet the trains, and to supply with food
From their own stores the troops that passed that
way.

The tables were set out along the platforms

Beside the trains. The soldiers ate and cheered
And then passed on. On many cars were stretched
Long draperies with ' Nach Paris ' inscribed ;
Yet this the sole bravado that I saw.
There was no intoxication, no debauch,
But all were one at heart, and I could see
How hard the task to conquer such as these.

From Germany to England ! There I heard
From press and people all the other side.
Few thought the war was very serious.
They had already sent to Belgium
Some eight score thousand men and done their
part ;

Russia would overwhelm the enemy
And in a few short months the Central Powers
Would sue for peace and it would not be granted
Till Germany was wholly overthrown !
Recruiting was begun by slow degrees,
A hundred thousand at a time. The troops
Were all untrained—and there was drunkenness
And much disorder. No one seemed to know
What the war really meant. I told my friends
They were living in a paradise of fools—

What were their hundred thousands to the millions

Which Germany already had afield ?

I cautioned them that universal service

Would be required if England held her own.

'Impossible !' they answered, ' you are dreaming.

'Twould be repugnant to our liberties

And all the proud traditions of our past !'

But after hard defeat and crushing loss

It came at last, while still no end was near.

America ! how slowly dost thou waken

To thy great peril ! In this warring world

The price of safety is to arm thy sons

And train them all to service. Only this

Can keep thy soil untarnished by a foe !

Richmond, 1916.

'The Colonel'

A WORD about the weather, and he rose
And left the room. We sat around the stove,
And Boniface, who with admiring eyes
Had watched his friend depart, now turned and
said ;

'There is a man !'—Who might this wonder be ?
A Southern gentleman, and therefore 'Colonel',
Expatriate on Indiana soil,
Because his wife inherited a farm.
Tall was he and distinguished, dressed with care,
Save for a little shine and shabbiness
That spoke of better days. He called himself
A lawyer, tho' his cases were but few,
Nor did he till the farm, he was above it !
You might often see him in the Court House yard
Standing alone, taking a pinch of snuff,
Then from his pocket drawing a bandanna
To blow his nose—a simple thing but great !
What did he ever do or say, you ask ?
Why nothing. What the need ? His mere existence
Was quite enough, for all admired and said ;
'There is a man !'

FIRE

FIRE

O THOU bright minister, beneath whose beams
All nature doth unfold ! From thy great source,
Centre of warmth and light, cometh the day
And every season of the fruitful year
With stir of life in all created things.

From thee were born the arts for humankind
And thou didst shape the tools wherewith man
wrought,

Hardened the clay to build his dwelling strong
And gave him warmth and comfort in his need !
Wherefore he worshipped thee, nor was it strange
The heathen thought thou wast thyself a god,
Thou strong right arm of God's creative power !

How many forms are thine ! Proteus himself
Could never change into such countless shapes
As thy bright dancing flames.

Merrily from the hearth they leap and whirl
And lap the black stones of the great fireplace.
And now subdued, the weary smoke-wreaths curl
 With hesitating grace
 Up the broad chimney's throat,
While thro' the room their grateful odours float.
 How cheerful is the sight,
 How blithe the sound
As jests and songs and household tales go round
To speed the wings of the long winter night !
And cheerier still the camp-fire that is laid
 In some deep forest glade
Where thick spark squadrons emulously rise
Athwart the trees up to the quiet skies
And friendly faces flicker in the glow,
 Around the logs below
 Till tired eyes close in sleep
While the subsiding flames their vigil keep
And smoulder till the dawn.

O kindly fire,
How dost thou serve our need and our desire
In every craft and calling ! How they shine—
Those streams of molten metal, as they flow

Forth from the furnace mouth, meandering slow
Along their gleaming paths into the mould
That fashions them in figures manifold
For human uses ! Stalwart sons are thine,
 Resistless steam,
Exploding vapours and the electric stream !
Bridled by man on land, in sea and air
They bring his tidings and his burdens bear
And serve him till in every art and trade
Another world our planet they have made.

Yet use and comfort are not all thy goal,
But from thine altars did man's quivering soul
 Flutter on wings of prayer
 Up thro' the listening air,
 And humbly rise
 With smoke of sacrifice
 From out the shadowy grove
Or from the shrine of Pallas or of Jove.

And thou didst feed, O purifying fire,
Upon the dead on every funeral pyre
Through the long centuries from Troy to Rome.

How oft thy many-coloured flames did smile
Above the treasures of the perfumed pile,
To light the wanderer home !

And when to the Galilean's faith we turned,
Unwavering in His sanctuary burned
Thy lamp with tiny flame that never died,
While softly beamed the taper's transient light
Upon each holy rite
By its mild rays illumed and sanctified.
What kindly solace do we owe to thee
And thy bright ministry !

II

But thou who canst both comfort and create,
How dost thou devastate !
From calm Vesuvius' lips the vapours curl
Up through the golden sunshine ! Who would
dream
That ruin fell
From the foul vomit of that flaming hell
Was spewed o'er all the earth, when thou didst
hurl

Proud cities to destruction ; that the stream
Of molten lava, crawling slowly down
 But with unfaltering feet
 And creeping, terrible as fate
Through door and window, over field and street,
Grim and resistless, could obliterate
The smiling vineyard and the busy town !

Roused by the cannon's roar
Thou revelest in the bacchanal of war,
In trench and traitorous mine and bursting shell.
The prosperous city and the busy mart,
The quiet home, the fair cathedral spire,
The shrine of learning, the abode of art
Must fall before thy flames, remorseless fire,
 Crushed in a blazing hell !
 Prowling beneath the sea
Or dropped unseen from heaven's immensity
On unsuspecting hearths, thou dost destroy
 All life and hope and joy.
The babe upon its mother's lap is curled
 In sweet tranquility,
Thou tearest them to fragments, they are hurled
 Far thro' the shuddering sky !

Aye, thou art cruellest when thou dost minister
To man's black hatred and his heartlessness !

All grim and sinister

Thy ghastly flames in the dark wilderness
Where savages with hideous dance and song
Their helpless captives' agonies prolong,

Or where the mob in rage

Kindles thy brands its fury to assuage
On some poor victim's quivering flesh. Yet more

We loathe thee and abhor

When in religion's name men call on thee

Thy fiendish arts to lend

To stretch the martyr's torments ere thou send
The sleep of Death at last to set him free !

What souls illustrious to thy flames were given
And borne aloft on thy hot breath to heaven !

III

Fire of the Spirit ! thou

That in the human heart dost surge and swell,
Lighted with rays from heaven or brands from
hell

By fiends or angels, how

Thou sweepst o'er the earth and dost compel

Mankind to do thy bidding ! Thou dost rend
Thy sons in Bacchic fury ; thou dost send
Thy conquerors forth to desolate the world
And thy pale saints to save it.

Thou didst call
From out the burning bush, and Moses, stirred
To consecration by thy flaming word,
Led forth the tribes that Pharaoh held in thrall.

The seraph took thy coals from off the shrine
And touched Isaiah's lips, and forth he went,
And lo ! Assyria's armies did decline,
Before the walls of Zion, fall'n and spent.

And thou didst touch with pity and with tears
The lips of the Redeemer, and men heard
And the world worshipped ; yet through all these
years

How few have kept His word !

At Pentecost amid the rushing wind
In cloven fiery tongues thou didst appear,
And the apostles' lips thou didst unbind
To speak in varied tongues unto mankind
That all might understand who came to hear.

And it was thou didst stir
The followers of the Cross, God's sepulchre
To rescue, thro' an age of cruel war,
For the sweet sake of Him who meekly bore
The pangs of martyrdom.

And thou didst break,
Roused by the sons of France, the Bourbon's
chain,
And human rights and brotherhood maintain.
But ah ! what grim reprisals didst thou take
For their dumb suffering, how foully slay
The innocent and yield the land a prey
To the red Terror !

The flame of liberty
That stirred our fathers' souls when first they
shook
The oppressors yoke from off their necks and took
Their place among the nations came from thee,
And it was thou didst move
The hearts that burned with pity and with love—
Those ardent souls that would unchain the slave ;
Who to our country gave
Its second birth of freedom, till it stood

Risen from out its sea
Of patriot blood
Repurified by thee !

And in this last wild chaos how thy flame
Doth fuse together those that bear one name
And speak one tongue ! The Teuton, Magyar,
Gaul,
Turk, Slav and Briton, each one heart and all
For fatherland ! Whether for good or ill
How dost thou work thy will
On humankind ! The whole world is thy thrall
And every soul doth answer to thy call !

Ere thou shalt touch our spirits, let us kneel
In humble prayer,
That when within our breasts thy flame we feel,
God's pity may be there !

WAR POEMS

WHILE WE HELD ALOOF

Germany to England

THE world is theirs who win it. Power and skill
Shall overcome all things. The strong shall
wreak,

By God's decree, upon the poor and meek
Whatever seemeth fit to their high will.
Stern nature careth not for good or ill,
'Tis the keen eye, swift wing and merciless
beak

That shall survive, crushing the faint and weak,
That sturdier types the coming years may fill.
Decrepit age must yield. The young and strong—
They shall inherit. Britain's dreams of peace
Shall have a rude awakening. Guile and wrong
Have won her empire. War shall never cease
Till we supplant her with our higher right,
And rule the world with our resistless might.

England to Germany

Too soon indeed we dreamed the day was near
 When nations might refrain to draw the sword
And, honouring law and justice, in the fear
 Of God alone observe their plighted word.
You have aroused us from these foolish dreams
 And taught us that no pledge can stay the flood
Which on your path to world-dominion streams
 With flame and ruin, massacre and blood.
So be it. We shall learn the lesson well.
 We trust no more your treaties. From this day
Plunging with you into a seething hell,
 Battling for life itself, we mean to stay
So long that when the carnage once is o'er
Your power to harm the world shall be no more.

‘Kultur’

[Those who attended Professor Lamprecht's lectures at St. Louis in August 1904, before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences, recollect that, in comparing the achievements of Americans in material things (our skyscrapers, our great wealth, &c.) with the achievements of Germany in more intellectual pursuits, he said 'America hat eine hohe Civilisation, aber eine geringe Kultur'. (America has a high civilization, but a scanty 'kultur'.) This observation is significantly absent from the printed English translation of the addresses he delivered. Professor Lamprecht, with a great multitude of other German professors, was afterwards engaged in justifying the conduct of Germany in the present war.]

A SAGE professor of discerning mind,
Filled with the Teuton's zeal to teach mankind,
Came to our shores, his learning to impart,
And win by tactful speech the Yankee heart.
'Quite civilized you are, but "kultur!" no!
That plant in Germany alone doth grow.
Material things have been your constant goal,
Our higher mission is to train the soul.'
He spoke and left us, and the years went by.
Then when the fatherland would 'sanctify'

That holy mission with the Belgian's blood,
When peaceful towns and simple homes that stood
All undefended from the invading foe
Are crushed to earth in pitiless overthrow ;
When Teuton monsters of the sea and air
Hurl on the helpless ruin and despair ;
When deadly vapour and infected well
Show man a demon and the world a hell,
Lo ! these professors come, a patriot band,
To justify their noble fatherland ;
To praise the shameless fiends who burn and slay ;
To glorify the slaughter and dismay,
And with their sophistries that mock the truth
They pour their poison in the ear of youth !
Just God ! we spurn ' kultur ', so highly prized,
And thank the Lord we're only ' civilized '.

Shall We still Sleep?

PEACEFUL and slow to anger, we would fain
Be friends with all mankind. For many a year
Our arms have rusted, for we deemed them vain
And slept serene, unmoved by hate or fear.

Then from the calm of universal peace
A monster rose in arms and madly hurled
His shafts on every hand without surcease,
Slew, shattered, burned, destroyed, defied the
world !

Yet we were patient still—too patient far—
We saw the wrongs of others, yet no word
We uttered for the helpless—till grim war
Impaled our own upon its pitiless sword.
Look ! where our brothers perish in the deep !
Do we need more to rouse us from our sleep ?

May 1915.

A Righteous Wrath

BLEST is the calm that crowns the brow of age,
And yet I would not quench the youthful fire
That flashes quickly forth in wholesome rage
And fills the spirit with consuming ire.
I count no man my friend who will not fight
With honest passion when he sees a wrong,
Nor gird his soul to battle for the right
And save the weak from ruin by the strong.
Thou, too, my country—such a soul be thine !
And be thou quick to strike if foes assail ;
To hear the helpless let thine ear incline
And bid not anger sleep if justice fail,
But bless the power that stirs within thy breast
A righteous wrath to succour the oppressed.

*Then, Now, and Hereafter**Then*

PEACE to the world ! Hushed are the sounds of
war ;

The Star shines bright, the heavens are clear
and still ;

The shepherds come, and Magi from afar,
To greet the Child who brings ' to men good
will '.

Now

The great world rolls in agony to-day,
It has not learned the lesson Jesus taught ;
Men hate and kill and women vainly pray
While all His glorious message comes to nought.

Hereafter

Wild is the chaos yet the seed is there
A league from warring nations to create,
That shall at last to all the law declare
And bind the whole world in one sovereign state.

Christmas, 1915

Unprepared

POOR bleeding France! And yet why pity thee?

For from thy smoking ruins and thy slain

A consecrated spirit soareth free

To God's own threshold washed from every
stain.

But we who fatten on the world's distress,

Careless of others' sorrows, deaf to wrong—

Shall we survive our prosperous sordidness?

Can we relax our limbs and still be strong?

Are we, once sentinels of liberty,

Grown limp in wealth and pride, until to-day

The spoiler who shall come across the sea

Will find in us a rich and helpless prey?

Has the spirit of our fathers sunk so low

We have no arms to lift against a foe?

To France

IN peace we held thy worth in scant esteem,
Thy sons were dissolute, thy daughters frail ;
How light and fair and fickle didst thou seem,
In time of need, alas ! how sure to fail !
But when war came—a war that was not thine—
And the flame seared thee, then thy heart we
knew ;
In that dark tumult how thy soul did shine,
Loyal and steadfast, pure and brave and true !
Nay, thou art honoured even by the foe,
In martyrdom transformed and glorified !
And we who scorned (how little did we know !)
Stripped of the tattered mantle of our pride,
Let us in self-abasement bend the knee
And pray for God's grace to become like thee.

' A Sword thy Soul shall pierce '

O SUN, how darest thou shine forth again
Upon the world ! How canst thou smile, O
spring,

And all thy flowers and leaves and grasses bring
To prank the fields and mock us in our pain !

Lo, we are stripped of all ! Our dear ones slain,

Our homes in ruin. How can the linnet sing

When hope is dead, or the lark stretch his wing
And bear to heaven the tidings, ' Love is vain '.

These dead were ours ; 'twas we who gave them
birth

And suckled them and reared them. Can the
sky

Look down on us in its blue joy and mirth

And drop no tear for our despairing cry ?

Why doth God let his children make the earth

All shambles and man's brotherhood a lie ?

The Vampire Moon

O MOON, you look upon a shuddering world
From out your crystal sky ;
You see the bolts of wild destruction hurled
And yet stand coldly by.

'Tis you that lure these prowlers of the night
To crush and burn and slay ;
O vampire moon, to guide them in their flight
And light them to their prey !

To Russia

WELCOME to Freedom's side ! Though hard and
long

The path of servitude thy sons have trod,
At last their prayers have touched the throne
of God

And they are free ! Their groans are turned to
song !

Yet thrust from gloom of centuries of night
Into the glare of unaccustomed day,

They can but stumble on the shining way
And fall and grope and stagger toward the light.
But though their bloody hands with torch and
knife

May spread the terror wide and burn and slay,
'Tis better thus than lie oppression's prey
Thro' hapless ages—for beyond the strife,
Far off across this ruin they shall find
The calm blue hills of hope with heaven behind !

September, 1917.

Liberty Enlightening the World

FRANCE caught the flame, and lo ! the Bourbon
fell !

England—and all her colonies are free !

It glows in reunited Italy,

And ancient China stirs beneath the spell !

Now last of all great Russia's millions swell

The ranks of the redeemed.. How then shall we,
Creators of the world's democracy,

Flinch from the strife when we have heard the
knell

That sounds the tyrants' doom? Nay, let us still

Work for mankind as once our fathers wrought—

Spread thro' the world the gospel that they
taught—

'No prince's power above the people's will.'

Arm then and forth to battle ! Forward all !

Till Kaiser, Sultan, Czar, together fall !

IN THE STRUGGLE

Awake at Last

THE birds have come again ! From every bough
Their clear notes ring in carols full and free,
And spring is here with garlands on her brow
And in her train a merry minstrelsy.
How swift the change ! A few short days ago
The wind was cold that whistled past our door,
The branches bent beneath the sleet and snow,
And nature, naked, shivered to the core.
So too, my country, hath thy wintry chill
Broken at last. Thy banners float on high
And in thy veins the pulses that were still
Beat fast in answer to the trumpet's cry.
Thy blood is stirring like the sap of spring
And shore and plain with martial music ring.

The Mother Country

Too long in leading strings she held her boy,
Too strictly ruled him. Forth to the fields he
ran,
His blood all tingling with rebellious joy
Of new-found freedom, and became a man !

The truant thrived, though many a bitter
word
And keen reproach were bandied by the
twain
And smouldering coals of rancour, hotly stirred,
Broke out in flames of passion and of pain.

Yet kinship counts and common speech and
ways—
The household tale and book and prayer and
song—
When memory turns her face to childhood's
days
No son and mother can be strangers long !

And mother England, changing with the years,
Now gives to all the freedom once denied ;
And we, delivered from our doubts and fears,
Assume our station at her honoured side.

A century of peace and growing trust,
While common foes and common dangers bind—
Till old affection rises, as it must,
And joins the two together heart and mind !

America to England

WE learned our love of freedom at thy knee,
We know thou hast a brave but gentle heart—
A heart that scorns a lie, that loves to see
Fair play and fain would take the weaker's part ;
A heart that honours home and womankind
And keeps its faith to nations small and great,
With steadfast purpose and with honest mind—
A generous people and a sturdy state.
Too long we slumbered while thy sheltering fleet
Swept the broad main and kept us from the foe ;
Awake at last, we come with eager feet
And stand beside thee with our hearts aglow,
And we shall stay together till we see
The crushed uplifted and the whole world free !

America to France

DEAR Comrade, who through four grim years hast
fought

For freedom—thine and ours—hast poured thy
blood

And spent thy treasure to the uttermost ;
Full late we came to help thee in thy need,
And we should take our station at thy side
A little after thee. We thought our land
The infant soil of freedom—yet thy fields,
Swept by the fury of a fiercer flood
Than ever broke upon our woods and plains,
Blossom with lilies whiter than our own
To deck the graves of martyrs. Let us keep
Our natal days together. In our flags
The selfsame colours shine and in our hearts
The selfsame consecration, to redeem
The lands we love, and with them, all the world.

*Then and Now**To the Departing Troops*

THEIR silken banners fluttered high—
Your fathers'—long ago—
In rippling folds that shamed the sky
As they marched to meet the foe.

They saved the State ! Their work is done
And grateful bosoms keep
The story of the victory won
In memories clear and deep.

With aim as high, with heart as great,
Your standards are unfurled,
Your sires went forth to save the State,
You go—to save the World !

The Spider

ASLANT and low the yellow sunshine streams
Beneath the trees on many a slender thread
Spun by the spider, quivering as it gleams
O'er the rank grass whereon his nets are
spread.

In these bright beams his web is stretched in
vain,
But in the shade what perils line the way
Where tiny creatures, caught within the skein,
Tho' struggling long, must yield, the spoiler's
prey !

Nor in the woods alone for simple flies
The fell marauder lays his fatal snare,
O'er all the world the selfsame danger lies
Lurking alike in ocean, earth, and air.

One enemy there is of all mankind

And human spiders spin his crafty coils

Till peace is dead, till faith is faint and blind

And the whole world enmeshed in treacherous
toils.

The Man in the Ranks

I DEEM the work of war a hateful task ;
Far sweeter are the quiet paths of peace ;
To stay with those I love is all I ask
And till the soil and watch the earth's increase.
I covet not the multitude's acclaim,
No thrill of wild adventure do I seek ;
My ears are dull to every call of fame ;
I have no hate to spill, no grudge to wreak.
But I am Hers—my country's—I must pay
With life and limb and fortune all I owe ;
Whatever she commands I will obey,
And where she leads, my feet are swift to go.
Whether it please her best I live or die,
I serve her, soul and body, utterly.

Jim wins the War Cross

PROUD of the boy, you hope? Well I should say!
Who would ha' thought it of him? At the farm
He was so shy and quiet everyway,
He wouldn't do a rabbit any harm.

And yet he jest would go! He couldn't bear
To stay at home and let the others fight—
In war he said a man must do his share,
And so he left us and we knew 'twas right.

And now I hear he brought the wounded back,
Spite of machine guns cracklin' all around,
Then drove again along the bloody track
And picked the rest out of the soakin' ground.

Shore it was worth that cross to go and bring
Those helpless Frenchmen from the reekin' sod,
Yet I'm glad his was not that iron thing
The Germans get for pleasin' ' Me and God '.

And mother ? Why, she 's jest as proud as me,
She never drops a tear or bats an eye,
But looks as peart as if I couldn't see
How hard it is for women not to cry.

God bless our Jim and bring him home again
To the old farm to cheer his mother's heart,
Still if they fall, these boys—we'll know they're
men
And every one has played a hero's part.

From the Trenches

WAR's glory has departed ! speak no more
Of flag or waving plume or stirring drum,
The guns may rattle and the cannons roar,
Yet the wild cheer is hushed, the bugle dumb.
In trench and shell-hole soaked with slime we hide,
Crouching in long battalions brown and grey,
The corpses of our comrades at our side,
And we the next to be the cannon's prey.
No song to cheer the charge, the poisoned air
Comes stealing thro' the mist before we know,
The shells may burst among us unaware ;
We slay—we fall, but never see the foe.
Perchance a bayonet flashes in the sun
And that betrays us.—Motionless we lie
We know not is the battle lost or won,
Our duty is to wait and watch and die.
O for the word to rush and end it all,
By one swift stroke to conquer or to fall !

The War Mother

SHE sits and broods—' Where can he be, I wonder,
Who, smiling, sailed a few short months ago ?
Are his ears shattered by the battle's thunder ?

In weltering trenches is he crouching low ?
Helpless in " No Man's Land " he may be lying
And none to bear his wounded form away,
With ceaseless shot and shell around him flying,
No rescue through the livelong night and
day ;

Perchance some deadly vapours he is breathing
And writhes in hopeless torment, soon to
die—

Or in the flames of liquid fire is seething
A living torch to light the lurid sky !
Has cruel shrapnel torn his limbs asunder
From the sweet body that I cherished so,
Or does he lie in some foul death-pile under
A mass of mangled corpses, friend and foe ?
O pitying Lord, who on the Cross didst die,
Bring me some comfort in my agony ! '

And yet through every tear and groan of anguish

A solemn pride suffuses all her soul :

‘ He went that freedom’s children should not
languish

As o’er the world the waves of conquest roll,
That never more an alien horde should trample
On home and child and all men hold most dear,
That God’s avenging justice should be ample

To smite the foe and free the world from fear.
He will not falter till the wrong be righted

And martyred peoples lift their heads on high,
And my dear soldier’s vow to freedom plighted

Must be redeemed though he with myriads die.
With him went forth the gladness of my day
And yet I would not now have had him stay.’

Win the War

LET these words burn and quiver in our sight,
Ring in our ears, haunt us in every dream ;
We must not flag nor falter, day or night,
And miss the meaning of that charge supreme.

We dare not fail.—Unless the tyrant fall,
Each child we bear is doomed to be a slave ;
One common servitude awaits us all—
Rather than that—one universal grave !

Two years we lay asleep. We never stirred
Though the world shook with battle, and the cry
Of those who knew our peril was unheard
In the false calm of our security.

We sucked fat fortunes from a stricken world,
We chose the chief who ' kept us out of war '—
Thank God ! at last, with battle flags unfurled,
The cry of freedom stirs our souls once more !

Yet even now some are but half awake ;
 Over the world they see this fury sweep,
Yet dream the waves of conquest will not break
 On shores so far across the sheltering deep.

Believe it not. Behold the nations drift
 One after one beneath the Cyclops' power ;
Are we content to take the stranger's gift
 And be the last his fury will devour ?

And shall we babble now of ' terms of peace '
 And breathe soft words as though they could
 compel
Our foe to falter.—Surely he will cease
 From lust of conquest if we reason well !

These idle dreams distract our purpose strong,
 Relax our fibre and obscure our sight,
Unman us for the labours hard and long
 That lie before us in the desperate fight.

Prate not of peace amid the cannon's roar ;
Our aim must never waver ; ' Win the War.'

Children of Liberty

CHILDREN of liberty, whereso'er ye be,
Forward to battle till the world is free !
Come from sturdy England, from heroic France,
Rise from stricken Belgium ; Italy, advance !
Look ! We stand beside you, freedom's eldest born,
We would share the laurels from the tyrant torn.
Glorious the gospel comes across the sea ;
On then to battle till the world is free !

Listen to the tocsin, how it sways and rings,
Strikes the doom of empire, tolls the knell of
kings !

Crush the proud oppressor, smite him stroke on
stroke—

Free the plains of Poland—break the Servian
yoke !

Rescue for the captives ! Shatter every chain !
Succour for the helpless ! Honour for the slain !
Children of liberty, wheresoe'er ye be,
Forward to battle till the world is free !

The Air-Man

WITH the speed of the eagle I fly
And wheel o'er the enemy's line ;
As in triumph I sweep through the sky
The rapture of battle is mine !

Blind moles in the trenches below,
Dumb rats that are trapped in the sea—
What glory of war can they know ?
'Tis the men of the air who are free !

Look ! a foeman far off in the sky !
He is mine to pursue and destroy ;
We shall struggle till one of us die
And I rush to the combat with joy !

He has fallen ! Now others appear
To o'ertake me and put me to flight,
Till my comrades arise from the rear
And together we dash to the fight.

As we plunge through the glare and the gloom,
As we beat through the shimmers and showers,
Whatever our danger or doom,
The thrill of the battle is ours !

Over There

From the letter of Private 258

' BETWEEN the lines, the torn earth " Over
there "

Is carpeted with pain ; a cruel death
Whistles in every wind ; the bursting air
Is charged with mutilations and the breath
Of mists with torment. Ours the steel-swept
trench,

The stiffening cold, the bed of oozing mire,
The cry of agony, the sickening stench
Of foul decay, the flame of liquid fire.
Of all the priceless treasures wasted, spent,
Our young lives and their hopes are held least
dear,

We knew this well yet when you called we went,
Blest with a mother's kiss, and had no fear.
We knew that in a grave without a name,
Unmarked and all forgotten we might lie,
With blighted dreams of happiness and fame,
With stranger steps to pass us idly by.

But we would rather fall than live to see
The world in thralldom to a tyrant's power ;
Justice is more than life, and liberty
More than the fleeting gladness of the hour.'
Well may we offer, we who still shall stay
Within our sheltered homes, food, weapons,
care
And eager hearts to serve. What ! send away
Our sons to slaughter and then fail to spare
All that our hands can give ? The sordid heart
That stints its largess for the soldier's need—
From human friendship let it slink apart
Scorned by its fellows for its shameless greed !

Here and There

THE summer slumbers in the haze of spring
That broods upon the fields. The trees are bare,
Yet from their topmost twigs the clear notes ring
Of songsters revelling in the genial air.
The shadows of their wings go flitting by ;
The crisp leaves crackle underneath my feet,
The sun is smiling in a mellow sky,
And every breath and sight and sound is sweet.
But there the deadly vapour and the smoke,
The bullet's whistle and the groan of pain,
Torn field, and hamlet shattered by the stroke
Of shells from skies where death and ruin rain ;
The world a waste—while stricken millions call :
' Quick ! To the front, ere hope of freedom
fall ! '

Resurrection

GOLGOTHA ! France ! On every blasted field
Grim crucifixion to redeem mankind—
What resurrection shall the slaughter yield,
What nobler birth of freedom shall we find ?
Pray God the stone be quickly rolled away,
So we can smile again on Easter Day.

Easter Morning, 1918.

The Woods of France

WARM days and birds and children come together,
Filling the woodland with the stir of spring;
I bask in fragrant air and sunny weather
And hear the youngsters laugh, the robins
sing.

The old leaves rustle as the young feet press
them,
The skies are watching through the foliage
green ;
The buds unfold to let the breeze caress them
And earth lies blest beneath a heaven serene.

Here where the beech-tree's drooping branches
hide me,
I watch the fluttering leaves around me play ;
I take what fancies woods and winds provide
me
And kindly nature steals my heart away.

Yet while these fancies roam through all creation,
In heaven, on earth or ocean's wide expanse,
They rest at last amid the desolation
Of town and home and field and wood in France.

There the trees lift their tortured arms in anguish,
Torn branches, shattered trunks, and roots in
air ;
There lie the dead and there the wounded languish,
While nations writhe and quiver in despair.

'Twas there for us our martyred heroes perished,
And when we greet their comrades back from
war,
How tenderly the memory must be cherished
Of those that stay upon that stranger shore !

Monet Justitia

WHEN the Hun stirred this universal flame
And crushed the helpless in his rage and hate;
We shrank with horror from the crime and
shame

That stained the monarch and defiled the
state.

We must not follow on that guilty way,
Although in sudden wrath our hearts be stirred,
To seize some hapless victim as our prey
And doom and punish ere his plea be heard.

I would not lose my faith in humankind
Though by some churl I chance to be betrayed ;
'Tis better far to be a little blind,
Yet walk erect, serene and unafraid,
Than trembling, halt, by craven fear dismayed
And at each fleeting shadow shuddering start ;
Nor must we let revenge our souls degrade
Nor sullen grudges rankle at our heart.

Nor should we now take counsel of our fears
To dog his footsteps and denounce or shun—
The man that we have known a score of years
And trusted as our country's loyal son.
Must friend eye friend askance, while whispers
fall
And smoke of dark suspicion chokes the sky ?
God pity him who fancies guilt in all
And sees in every face an alien spy !

The Imperishable Chain

WHAT jewels have been scattered by thy hand
To deck the world ! Sapphires of hope that vie
With the clear crystal of thine azure sky
To lure the oppressed from many a subject land ;
Rubies of valour where thy sons withstand
The shock of alien hosts and proudly die ;
And precious pearls of liberty that lie
Where thy blue waves caress the smiling strand.
But in thy casket doth there not remain
Some costlier gem of brighter lustre still
To glitter in the imperishable chain
Which shall unite the nations and fulfil
The promise made of old that peace shall reign
And all mankind shall live in concord and good
will ?

Peace Triumphant

AFTER grim night there dawns a clearer day
Than ever broke before. Not Israel's seed
Loosed from Egyptian bonds nor Hellas freed
At Salamis from royal Persia's sway,
Not even the cross from Saracen redeemed
Upon the plains of Tours, nor yet the Hun
Vanquished at Chalons, nor the freedom won
At Yorktown or at Appamattox teemed
With such a fate as this! Never a cry
Of victory like ours! No single creed
Nor land nor race but the whole earth and sky
(So much our glory doth the past exceed)
Join to extol in praises loud and high
The rescuing hands of those who wrought the
deed.

November 1918.

Thanksgiving

PRAISE ye the Lord ! Not as in other years
For fruitful season or for garnered store,
But now, with eyes no longer dim with tears,
Rejoice ! as never man rejoiced before !
The cruel hand is stayed ; the wicked lust
Of slaughter quenched ; the conqueror's rattling
sword
Shall threat the world no more ; prone in the dust
The last great tyrant falls ! Praise ye the Lord !
Back to its lair the noisome brood of Cain
Slinks shamefaced from the wasted fields of
France ;
The sons of freedom have not died in vain ;
Give thanks, O world, for your deliverance !
Justice hath triumphed, liberty is sure,
And like the rocks and seas it shall endure.

November 1918.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
After grim night there dawns a clearer day . . .	167
A hundred greybeard oaks in two long lines . . .	45
A kingly soul is dumb within the tomb . . .	59
All gathered by the hearth, his sons, his wife . . .	35
A regal spirit and a vision clear	60
A sage professor of discerning mind	127
Aslant and low the yellow sunshine streams . . .	145
As many a mother dies when she hath brought . . .	57
A thousand miles from shore, on tireless wing . . .	30
A word about the weather, and he rose	110
' Between the lines, the torn earth " Over there " . . .	158
Blest is the calm that crowns the brow of age . . .	130
Calm is the silver mirror of the sea	13
Children of liberty, whereso'er ye be	155
Clear and melodious are the strains that stream . . .	46
Dark is the night, the earth in slumber lies	26
Dear comrade, who through four grim years hast fought	143
Dear heart, and dost thou dream the chill of death . . .	27
Dear land, how God hath cherished thee	53
Dream me no city in the crystal sky	25
France caught the flame and lo ! the Bourbon fell . . .	137
Fresh was the charm of springtime in her bloom . . .	16
From Mauna Loa's snowy crest the streams of lava flow	98

	PAGE
Ghost, not from other worlds but other days .	22
Go forth my dream and bring to this cool spot .	38
Golgotha ! France ! On every blasted field .	161
Here is indeed thy throne. What solemn sweep .	97
How fast they fall, those friends of earlier days .	18
How eloquent these ruins ! king and slave .	96
How silent and how lonely is the sea	29
How still the night, with every myriad star .	95
How the whole woodland rings with music ! Hark !	17
' How well you look ! ' my friends and neighbours say	20
I am an Imagist !	70
I deem the work of war a hateful task .	147
If thou would'st choose the pearl of rarest worth .	19
If thou would'st fathom Indiana's heart .	75
I love to live with them—these relics speak .	65
I know, sweet child, now thou art laid away .	48
In art the Bacchae are astir to-day .	72
In peace we held thy worth in scant esteem .	133
I see her dainty form at every turn	47
I see thee not amid the garish pride	34
I sink upon the soft warm sand and lie	94
I strolled among the arches in the gloom	92
I've lived in California now for many and many a year	84
I was in Germany when the war began	103
Let these words burn and quiver in our sight .	153
Life is the morning mist that drifts away	11

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

171

	PAGE
Month after month, bound to her bed she lies .	49
Morning upon the waters ! calm and clear . .	31
Must we be welded by the might of kings . .	54
My dear old friend, we're lonely here since you have gone away	88
My lady is encircled by her flowers	40
No more a glittering lake but clinging cloud .	36
O moon, you look upon a shuddering world . .	135
O sun, how darest thou shine forth again . .	134
O thou bright minister, beneath whose beams .	113
Peaceful and slow to anger, we would fain . .	129
Peace to the world ! Hushed are the sounds of war	131
Poor bleeding France ! and yet why pity thee ? .	132
Praise ye the Lord ! Not as in other years . .	168
Proud of the boy, you hope ? Well I should say !	148
' She has a young girl's heart.' No truer thing .	28
She sits and broods—' Where can he be, I wonder	151
Sound of the sea, in my far inland home . .	24
Subdued and soft the noonday splendour gleams :	37
The birds have come again ! From every bough :	139
The heavens are wide, my love, the sky is far .	41
The summer slumbers in this haze of spring .	160
The woods are mirrored in this quiet pool . .	33
The world is theirs who win it. Power and skill .	125
Their silken banners fluttered high	144
They left behind the slime of things unclean .	58
They love companionship and sympathy . .	43
Three score and ten ! The tumult of the world .	12

	PAGE
Too long in leading strings she held her boy .	140
Too soon indeed we dreamed the day was near .	126
Warm days and birds and children come together	162
War's glory has departed ! speak no more .	150
Welcome to Freedom's side ! Though hard and long	136
We learned our love of freedom at thy knee .	142
We who live softly in luxurious days . . .	91
Whatever be thy fortune or thy state . . .	61
What jewels have been scattered by thy hand .	166
What trivial trash to fill the years of life .	44
When age creeps over thee and keen desires .	14
When I am gone, my love, mourn not for me .	32
When sorrow comes to thee and thy first born .	23
When the Hun stirred this universal flame .	164
When upon Patmos God unsealed the eyes .	55
While thou art young let restless discontent .	15
' Why hast thou come so late ? ' inquires the muse	21
With the speed of the eagle I fly	156

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